Channel: SBU English Club

URL: https://youtu.be/RnNe2LezQQk

Title: Literally what is Milo Winter doing

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Transcript

0:01
[Music] So, Milo Winter has kind of a PR
0:07
problem. He's lost a lot of his audience's goodwill, and I think for pretty valid reasons. So, after his
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debut novel, Age of Scorpius, failed to deliver on basically all of the promises that earned it over 6,000 pre-orders.
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Milo argued with negative reviews. He accused editors of not doing their jobs.
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And he even targeted some random fellow indie author and blamed that guy for
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being responsible for all of Age of Scorpius's negative reviews. Just really strange stuff. I kind of thought Milo
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Winter had like faded back into the murky depths of book talk where he would remain until Age of Scorpius 2.0
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inevitably dropped or he did something else to like take people off. But I was actually wrong because on December
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20ometh, I wasn't actually paying all that much attention. He released Alterlife, a book of original poetry
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featuring art by one of his co-creators, Sie. I honestly don't have all that much
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to say about the art. Um, it's like pretty good. Here's what some of it looks like. It's definitely art. I I do
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like the color palette. I'd say it serves its purpose well. It illuminates, you know, the corners of the manuscript,
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as it were, and it has some nice textures. It sort of reminds me of like the concept art you would see in like
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the corners of a D&D 5e players handbook. That sort of general fantasy
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vibe. But in any case, when I saw that Milo had published some poems, I knew
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what I had to do and I was optimistic about what Milo might be capable of as a poet. When I think about the reasons
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that Age of Scorpius like wasn't so good and was actually pretty unpleasant to
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read, the two things that I think of are first the plot meandering for maybe 3/4
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of its total runtime and second Milo having this unique relationship to
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language. In particular, sentence structure and the definitions of words.
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Charitably, I thought that these two factors, while flaws in pros, might
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actually make for some interesting poetry. Personally, I like a poem that meanders
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a bit, and I like a poem composed in dynamic, surprising syntax. I also like
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a poem that has a unique vernacular. So, Alterife is pretty good then, right?
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That's what I'm building towards in this intro. Ultralife will go down, if I
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remember it at all, as one of my least favorite books of poetry I have ever
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read for the St. Balisar University English Club. It definitely isn't as mean as either Jordan Peterson or Ernest
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Klein say, but it does share some of their their pump, and it blends in a
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little bit of Rupy Car's overzealous use of italics for good measure. Milo Winter
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continues to refuse to learn from his mistakes, unfortunately, releasing what is ultimately another unfinished book
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pocked with very visible errors. A book that relies on the art to make up for
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the writing's weaknesses. A book that fails to deliver on its stated goals. And one of the worst things about
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Alterife is that it's pretty blatantly unfinished. by which I mean your average undergraduate creative writing course or
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hell even your average undergraduate conversation with fellow writing friends could have pointed out some of the
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problems in this book and I believe Milo would have been capable of fixing at least some of them. Furthermore, the
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collection continues Milo's trend of being unable to deliver on promises. The book builds itself as a meditation on
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trauma, using ghosts as a metaphor, when in reality, the collection mostly only
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states and then reiterates the fact that the speaker suffers from trauma without
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giving the reader much insight at all into what actually occurred. The few instances where specific traumas are
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described tend to read more like journal entries and give me the feeling that I
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shouldn't be reading them, like the writer was just sort of venting onto the page and hasn't actually turned what
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they wrote into publishable writing. Oh, and the ghosts only come up like four or
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five times total throughout the entire collection. In any case, since Milo introduces the collection as a sort of
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contiguous work, that's how I'm going to be treating it. As a result, this video's focus will be on problems that
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persist throughout the collection rather than taking any individual deep dives into particular poems. I don't really
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know if this merits a warning, per se, but just in case, this is me letting you all know that I'm not going to be nice
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to this collection. It isn't my goal to be mean, of course, but I'm not going to treat these poems with kid gloves. If
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Milo learned any lessons from the Age of Scorpius disaster, he should have learned to take his time before
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advancing to the publishing stage of any writing project and to consult with and listen to the advice of more experienced
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writers before debuting in a new genre. In a way though, I'm actually glad that
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this book was released in the state that it's currently in because it gives me the opportunity to forewarn new poets
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about some of the issues. I've honestly long been looking for an excuse to talk about here at SPU. Just like Age of
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Scorpius, Alterife is kind of a cautionary tale. What Milo synthesized here with an almost molecular precision
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is a sequence of poems belonging to a category that I have long thought of as the undergraduate poem. Now, I know that
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that sounds kind of mean, but hear me out. The title is facicious. Not all undergraduates write the same way, and
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certainly not all undergraduates are bad writers. I call the types of poems that Milo has written undergraduate poems
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because they display a lot of the bad habits I've observed over years of participating in and then, of course,
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leading undergraduate creative writing workshops. Specifically, Milo's poems are allergic to staying on topic. They
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fire these blinding rounds of metaphorical and imagistic buckshot that make them really, really difficult to
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follow. And as I've already described, they sort of occasionally veer into deeply personal territory without really
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knowing how to transform those personal experiences into art, which unfortunately leaves the reader with the
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feeling of having been subjected to like a surprise therapy appointment. Worst of
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all, worst of all is the speaker, the voice of the guy narrating these poems
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to us, who we have to remember is not necessarily Milo himself. But we'll get
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back to the speaker. First, let me address the other issues that I've already brought up.
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So, at the risk of sounding like overly academic, the bulk of contemporary poems could be described as lyric utterances.
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It's a very fancy way of saying that if you pick up a copy of any major literary magazine or award-winning poetry
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collection from recent years, you're likely to encounter mostly poems narrated by a specific individual in
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response to an identifiable scenario. This is distinct from many kinds of poetry that have flourished, say, in the
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ancient world, where the speaker was not so much a person as like a disembodied voice offering anonymized wisdom.
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Returning club members might remember some previous instances of so-called lyric utterances we've talked about here
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at club. Leong Lee's to hold is told from the perspective of a husband making the bed with his wife. The speaker of
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Joyce Sullivan's Mercy is a woman contemplating breaking up with her long-term partner during a backyard
7:42
barbecue. Of course, the speaker's minds wander beyond the folding and the grilling into more philosophical
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territory, but all of their thinking takes place within this single scene. The poems give us, in a sense,
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exposition to understand their quote unquote narratives. We know where they are set, who the key players are, and
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what conflicts they're dealing with. While, as I've already suggested, this certainly isn't the only way to
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structure a poem, it is, in my opinion, one of the best, especially for new poets, because it teaches them to set
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rules for themselves and then to play by those rules. As it turns out, Milo's poems have some trouble being clear
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about who is speaking and in response to what. It's not the biggest problem in the collection to be fair, but it struck
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me as a reader fast and hard because the first poem in the collection, the K9 and the core, probably suffers from it the
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worst. The poem begins in the midst of a wildfire where the speaker, who appears
8:41
to be a wolf that may also be itself made of fire, is being pursued and
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persecuted in some kind of nebulous way. I already have questions. But then in
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the second stanza, the speaker pauses to ponder a particular tree before fleeing from the fire again. We end with this
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long stanza. How long was it until the spark was thrown? Tooth and claw, crash and
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teeter, beginning the clock and the end of the last regime.
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Don't ask me why the final word is technically placed in its own stanza and italicized. I guess Milo had been
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reading some Ruby car or something, but I just genuinely don't know what's happening in this poem. So, I know Milo
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has some experience with conservation work, which tempts me to read the wolf
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outrunning the fire as like a literal description of events that he might know something about, but also as a metaphor
9:38
for persecution. Both or either of those interpretations are substantial enough to be retold into
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their own poems. The moment in which the speaker muses about a specific tree,
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which comes before the part I just read, identifying it as a metaphor for broader
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ecological collapse. It could also be its own poem. The line about the last
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regime where governmental power is being challenged, I think by the environmental
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catastrophe mentioned previously could also be its own poem. I'm going to be
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saying this a lot in this video, but while this poem is an absolute mess, it is also very fixible. A workshop or
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again even a conversation with some friends could have caught this. All Milo
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really needs to do like conceptually is tease out the individual ideas present
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in the poem and split them off into their own pieces which he can then develop one poem at a time. There's just
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no reason to be cramming all of these ideas into a single piece. I mean, hell, he could have made his life even easier
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by jettisoning the governmental stuff altogether since the power of nation states is not a prominent theme
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throughout the rest of the collection. Here are two more shorter examples of places where Milo's poems have some
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trouble staying on topic. From excoriation to relish the sweet savor of death's
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desperation and temptation. It is a heat unfamiliar in this riparian landscape,
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an anomaly, an outlier. This wetland of sepity spits out the soot of my ghosts.
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Again, I just have no idea what is going on here. I know from the way that Milo
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pitched the collection that the poem is in response to a trauma, but what I'm
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missing context. On what occasion is the poem being uttered, right? Where is the
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speaker that they are tasting quote death's desperation and temptation? And and what even is that? What does that
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taste like? Can the speaker taste that death is desperate? And if so, for what?
11:45
Or is the speaker imagining that to die would taste sweet? and is hence
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tempting. Let me know what you think in the comments below. I'm genuinely lost on this one. Finally, there's Civil
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Twilight, which is a pros poem. This one begins in the kitchen where the speaker is cooking dinner, but then a scream
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from outside startles him. When the child begins laughing, though, the speaker realizes that it was nothing
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serious, which prompts him to recall a sequence of joyful childhood memories.
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The poem just begins way too early and then it doesn't know which childhood memories it actually wants to like be
12:21
about. Strictly speaking, the poem ought to begin when the speaker hears the child laughing. Everything before that
12:28
is really extraneous. We don't really need this like fake out where the speaker thinks there might be some

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danger unless the poem is going to reflect on moments in the speaker's childhood where he mistook safety for
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threat or vice versa. The poem is also way overburdened by how many discrete
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memories it tries to pack into that one long stanza paragraph. Each one is rendered less impactful by being
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included in a list. Each of these is a poem. Pick one and and write it. As a
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brief aside, the speaker version of Milo in this poem refers to his childhood
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self as she, which I thought was really interesting. It's not even the only place that this happens. There's another
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poem where the speaker refers to herself as a woman. Now, I'm certainly not here
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to legislate anyone's gender identity. I only point this out because in my own
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anecdotal experience, the binary trans people in my life don't tend to refer to
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pre-transition versions of themselves using the pronouns they were assigned at birth. This leads me to think that Milo
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may have a unique relationship to gender, and I would encourage him to explore that further in his work. It's
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something that seems more specific to him and I would be curious about his take on it. Maybe it's something we'll
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see reflected in Age of Scorpius 2.0. Who knows? Anyway, Milo's poetry would benefit a lot from picking one premise
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per poem and sticking to it. Even professional poets struggle to put together short, tight poems like To Hold
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or Mercy. I would suggest that Milo master doing it once before trying to do
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it twice simultaneously in the same poem. [Music]
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To be fair though, the majority of poems in the collection are actually at least attempts at those lyric utterances I
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mentioned earlier. They do have an identifiable speaker and they try to be set in a location. However, they're
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still just about impossible to follow at times because they're completely overloaded with back-to-back images and
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metaphors. Very briefly, definitions. What are images? What are metaphors? I promise this will be quick. So in poetic
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terms, images are instances of description that involve one or more senses. Visual, oral, gustatory, and
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other sensory descriptions combine into what we call an image system. If a poem
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is like Empress Teresa's chessboard, then images are the items she arranges
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and rearranges on it to achieve different effects. These poems place way
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too many images on the board and fail to quote unquote program them with any
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definite meanings. The result is that the reader is left feeling pretty scattered and disoriented. We actually
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saw an example of this already in the canine and the core. The speaker casts himself as a wolf, but that fact doesn't
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really matter like at all. Seemingly any pack animal would have done the trick.
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The image of the wolf has been poorly programmed. Meanwhile, metaphor is just when one thing is likened to another
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thing in order to highlight some feature or cast the thing in a specific light.
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What you may not have known is that metaphors actually have parts. So the tenor is the thing that the metaphor is
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actually about and the vehicle is the terms used to recast the tenor. If I
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said the sun was a great gold coin in the sky, then the sun would be the tenor. The metaphor is really about the
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sun and the gold coin is the vehicle. Depending on the context, the phrase gold coin might be used to emphasize,
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say, the sun's color, its shape, or its pricelessness. It's really important to
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be able to identify these because speakers might deploy many different vehicles for the same tenor throughout a
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single poem. And in a good poem, tracking the cumulative effect of all those different teners will unlock
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greater meaning. With all that in mind, let's take a look at the second stanza of desert ramblings, which is a poem
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about the feeling of hopelessness, but also about the feeling of self flagagillation in pursuit of
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enlightenment, but also maybe about a romantic relationship or something. Here it is. With these sunburns and scarred
16:42
blisters, a sickly shape with ribs protruding, I plead the water for a
16:47
taste of heaven. Hallucinatory heatwaves parch my purpose. There's actually more

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than one metaphor here technically speaking, but the one that I want to highlight is parch my purpose. See,
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purpose can't literally be parched, right? Because it isn't tangible, much less alive and capable of getting
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thirsty. So to say that purpose can be parched is to personify it and therefore
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liken it to a living thing implicitly. My question is why is that being done?
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Why is purpose made into a person and therefore an individual that must either exist within or parallel to the speaker?
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Why not just straightforwardly say that the speaker is exhausted from a long struggle which is causing him to lose
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sight of his purpose, whatever that is. But here's the thing. The whole poem is
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already a metaphor, right? Like the speakers rambling through the desert indicated by the title is a metaphor for
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feelings of aimlessness and struggle. This means that we now have a metaphor within a metaphor obiscating what might
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actually be interesting in this poem, which is for example the speaker's purpose. As a reader, I don't care that
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you have a purpose in the abstract. Sorry. I mean, everyone feels like they have some kind of purpose. So, simply
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stating that you have one means next to nothing to me. What I want to know first and foremost is what your purpose
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actually is. Without that, I have no hope of understanding why it matters to
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you and why I ought to be invested as well. Finally, I just have to ask, why
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are the heat waves mentioned in the fourth line hallucinatory? Does this mean that the purpose isn't actually
18:32
parched? it's all a hallucination. Or is purpose only being like placeboed into
18:38
thinking that it's parched when really it isn't? Or is hallucinatory just referring to the shimmering, I don't
18:44
know, irreal quality of heat waves? There's just so many compounding layers
18:50
of completely unproductive ambiguity. And it really makes my eyes just slide
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right off the poem. These poems really do feel like greasy and rubbery to me.
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They're like repellent in the way that they begin to absorb and then deflect
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any attempt to engage with them on a deeper level. Another poem metaphorical
19:12
in its entirety is stratification, which is about something to do with like being
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defensive and learning to open up maybe. See, I think it's kind of a problem that it isn't even clear what the tenor of
19:24
these long vehicles are. But I digress. We'll just walk through this poem together. Here we go. Stratification.
19:32
Umbos ward against haste. Fingerp pricking brood guarded from foreign
19:38
touch. Okay, so in the first line, umbos are like the pointy parts of pine cones,
19:43
right? So they're they're spiky and they would prevent a hypothetical picker from like hastily picking them. Then line
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two, fingerpricking brood, reiterates line one. And then line three, guarded
19:56
from foreign touch, reiterates line two. So, a reiteration of line one really.
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We'll continue. Ill with the force of souls, hungry, crossed out, addicted to her majesty's
20:09
fortitude. So, in lines four and five, the pine cones are damaged from having been touched too much by these quote
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unquote souls, which I I think just means people. I don't know why he's casting it in this like spiritual sense,
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but people have been touching the pine cone, which damages it. And those people are like addicted quote unquote to doing
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so. And the thing that they're addicted to specifically that they're trying to get out of these pine cones is like her
20:34
majesty's fortitude. So I guess the the tree like the tree in its entirety is
20:40
like her majesty. It's like a beautiful thing and they're they're jealous of its spikiness. So they're trying to pluck
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off the pine cones. I don't know. Okay, we'll keep going. the giant's tiny seed
20:51
between its fortress of bracks alone crushed underfoot and close her in a rib
20:58
cage armed and guarded with shields habitually blacksmith for a heart sharp
21:04
to the touch. Okay, so in stanza 2, there's a a seed in the pine cone.
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That's for sure. Probably a metaphor for some sensitive part of the speaker, but
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it was crushed. except it it couldn't have been crushed because it's also enclosed in a rib cage protected by
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spikes. So, we are just sort of reiterating this first stanza again and also contradicting ourselves a little
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bit here. I think at this point you're probably starting to see why poets don't use metaphors this way. This is not a
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rewarding reading experience. It feels like I'm trying to solve a puzzle for which there is only one correct answer
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and absolutely no other possible options. But I digress. So these these spikes have been blacksmithed, I guess,
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which must mean that in this world, someone is is making pine cone spikes and supplying them to her majesty. So
21:57
like the tree is like some kind of kingdom and these like little gnomes come along and they stick the pine cone
22:03
spikes on. I That's nice. I guess that's cool. Um let's carry on to stanza 3.
22:10
Guard it. Do not break me open. So, we're introducing really briefly a
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second speaker here because the italics used this way are probably indicating that someone is is telling the speaker
22:21
to guard its seed, right? Like it's like whatever that sensitive part of itself is. Um, and the speaker is like
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repeating that and saying and saying don't break me open. I'm not sure who is giving that advice. Like maybe it's the
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gnomes. Maybe they're like here's some spikes. Uh, guard use them to guard your heart or whatever. That's fine. Stanza
22:40
four. I am but a whisper of life barely kept safe by my repetitive destruction.
22:48
Okay, I I thought we were a pine cone. Remember, the pine cone is already a metaphor, which means that if the pine
22:54
cone is like a whisper of life, then we now have a metaphor for a metaphor. I I
22:59
get the pine cone being like a defensive shell on like a person. That makes sense to me, but I do not get the way in which
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a pine cone is like a whisper of life. If anything, like a pine cone feels like a very solid symbol, and a whisper feels
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totally ethereal. These are like horribly, horribly mismatched. Um, let's just close it out with stanzas five and
23:19
six since they're kind of attached with the delicate and deciduous. A little more and a little less evergreen. The
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spin of time cycle will crack the cone. It begins. Rebirth must be serotinous.

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Okay, so rebirth or like personal reinvention can only happen in response
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to some kind of environmental trigger. That's what serotonin means. I actually had to look that one up. But so what? We
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came all this way just for you to tell me a science fact that pine cones are serotinous and to suggest in extremely
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extremely abstract terms that you can't or won't stop being a defensive person
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until something completely outside of your control makes you. It's kind of
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[__] weak, man. I I don't know what to say. On top of everything else, it makes me feel like the speaker is like a
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a flake. Speaking of which,
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in poetry as persuasion, Pulitzer Prizewinning poet Carl Dennis argues that poems are essentially rhetoric.
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That is, they attempt to convince the reader of something. Now, you might be thinking that poetry being poetry, it
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probably primarily uses poss.
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I mean, can you think of a more emotional genre of writing than poetry? I can't. But Dennis contends that it
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isn't pathos or even logos that makes a poetic argument strong. Rather, it's ethos or the relationship between the
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reader and the personality of the speaker that convinces readers. Dennis
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writes, "What matters most is the constructed voice, the quote personality that adopts a particular perspective and
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invites the reader to engage with it." In other words, a lot of people are just going to choose to disengage from a
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speaker if they don't like them. like meeting someone new, the vibe check isn't a rational process. It just kind
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of happens. Having read some of Milo's poetry with me already, you're probably already getting a sense of where this
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section is going. A lot of beginner poets have a very understandable tendency to try to sound authoritative
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in their poetry. having read, I don't know, like TS Elliott or Shakespeare or whatever in high school, they they adopt
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this voice that sounds, you know, to them maybe grand, formal, official.
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Usually, this is a good or at least a neutral sign. It indicates that they are taking poetry seriously and that they
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want their work to be taken seriously in turn. But this also presents some
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problems, as you can imagine, because many novice poets are between, say, 17
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and 21. And as a result, the professorial tone that they're trying to pull off is kind of in congruous with
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the gravity of what they're actually writing about. I mean, this doesn't mean, of course, that these poems about
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first crushes and first breakups and first pets dying don't deserve to be
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written. They absolutely do. They're just being written in the wrong voice.
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In case you're curious, the other twothirds of novice poets kind of sound like Rupy Carr and that they're trying
26:29
to be quippy but also wise and Mother Goose. You can actually plot a lot of
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beginners on this handy chart. To be clear, although I'm making a little bit of fun at the expense of firsttime
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poets, these types of voice issues are not even remotely terminal. They're actually both expected and solvable in
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unpublished poetry. One of the cool things about being a teacher is getting to watch a ton of students who sounded
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more or less like Milo begin to develop their own unique voice over the course of even just one semester. I mean, over
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the course of an undergraduate career, a poet can go from sounding just like this to being ready for the MFA or even
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having their first book published. There's this adage that's often taught in intle poetry workshops that if you're
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struggling to find your voice as a poet, write as though you were reminding a
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friend of what you're saying in the poem. This encourages students to use language that they would actually use in
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their real lives and to aim for a degree of like a casual intimacy and to avoid
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being expository. I don't know if Milo has heard this advice, but if he has, he
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has not absorbed it because many of his poems make me feel as though I'm being like lectured. And that feeling pairs
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really poorly with the caliber of the writing and the relative simplicity of what's being described. Here's an

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example of what I'm talking about from the pros poem Flurry. It's really short, so I'll just read the whole thing now. A
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bath of the new from the old processes of this earth. The trees bear heavy snow and drink its weight come spring. To
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take the winter with grace, to let their branches bend to the burden of the storms, to wait for the warmth to melt
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away the heft. Time will nourish my roots. Letting go with ease is my
28:19
libation. Milo's speaker seems to want to sound sibiline, like some kind of
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oracle or augur. But you can tell this just isn't his authentic voice because of phrases like
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letting go with ease is my libation which are barely hanging on to semantic
28:39
sense. The solution to this is to have a little bit of humility. For starters,
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these poems, which attempt to insist on their own authority by casting themselves as participants in some kind
28:51
of grand mythic narrative, could be retoled into more earnest offerings from
28:57
a speaker who knows that he's limited by a particular time and place, as we all
29:03
are. Stop striving for the universal, Milo, and embrace the particular. That
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would be my advice to you if you are listening to this. Milo's speaker also
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has this tendency to use specific scientific jargon often, which is in
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very serious tension with the way he often misuses words. Y'all will remember how big of an issue that was in Age of
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Scorpius. And I'm honestly just disappointed that he hasn't figured out how to solve this problem yet. In fact,
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the frequency with which Milo misuses words has led some commentators to suggest he just doesn't read very often
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and doesn't take the advice of editors, which are two speculations that I think apply as much to his poetry as to his
29:48
fiction, as much as I hate to say it. Here's some examples of what I'm talking about. In the poem's storytelling, he
29:55
writes, "My spirit incarnates each ghost I summon." A chromatic apparation,
30:01
weward to consistency. I think he meant apparition where he wrote apparation as
30:07
in ghost. And I have no idea what wayward to consistency means. I think it
30:13

might just mean inconsistent as in straying away from consistency.
30:19
Who can say? In the poem Ghost, he writes, "I am sewn together by two parts
30:25
functioning as a whole." I'm like 99% sure that what he meant to say is that
30:31
he is the result of two things being unnaturally stitched together. But what
30:36
he has described is two parts sewing him back together. That's what the by in
30:42
sewn together by two parts means. And just one more in Lake of Lost Love. I am
30:48
balanced against all odds of wet soil. That's just not what against all odds
30:54
means. I don't know how else to put it. Just as a side note, he can't even keep his tenses straight in Lake of Lost Love
31:01
either. I mean, just listen to the last two stanzas here. I slid and tumbled
31:07
down through the woods, brushing against the devil's club, gathering moss and thorns. I am balanced against all odds
31:13
of wet soil. I was rushing to therapy, collecting parts of the earth on my sleeve, washing myself with the rain who
31:21
promised a whisper of healing. I ran from the old growth. I mean, I know it's
31:26
like some parts of this poem are a dream or hallucination or illusion or something. And so, some of it's happening in the past, some of it's
31:32
happening in the present, and some of it's maybe even happening in the future. But it's just impossible to tell which
31:38
is which. And this is not a poem in which that is the point. It would be very possible to write a poem where the
31:45
speaker being detached from linear time is like the whole thing. But this is not that. It could be though. Milo, if
31:52
you're listening, you could write that poem. Up to you. This is all indicative of something else that Carl Dennis
31:57
argues in poetry as persuasion, which is this. My assertion that the
32:02
persuasiveness of a poem depends on the presence of a definite speaker with a sharply defined point of view is not
32:09
intended to imply that the most confident sounding speaker is always the most persuasive. Many readers today feel
32:15
more at home with a speaker's doubts than than with his assurances and are put off by any suggestion of smuggness
32:21

or swagger. We want our poetic voices to show us that they don't claim to know all things, that they realize that all
32:28
efforts to tell the truth are more likely to be expressions of the particular needs of the truth seeker
32:34
than revelations of the real nature of the world. Simply, writing a very
32:39
self-serious speaker is a big risk because if it turns out that he's just posturing, then he'll look twice as
32:46
foolish as he might have if he had just been a fool.
32:52
Reading Milo Winter's alter, the word that comes to mind is unstable. Milo's
32:58
images and metaphors are scattered. His ability to stay on topic is pretty tenuous, and his grasp of word meanings
33:05
is porous. And most of all, his speaker comes across as kind of a phony. I mean,
33:10
this probably shouldn't be surprising given what we know about the history of his online persona. While he initially
33:16
gained a following using a sort of a cozy witchy aesthetic, he went all Silicon Valley as soon as he had
33:22
established and then had to defend his so-called six-f figureure business. More
33:27
recently, we had this unexpected pivot from author of sappic YA romantic to
33:33
very serious personal essaist with the release of his piece High Disturbance,
33:38
which I'm not going to talk about here, but you can find on the World Guardian website if you're curious. Of course,
33:44
this isn't to say Milo shouldn't experiment with his writerly voice or his online presence, or that he should
33:52
never write in any genres except for the ones he's already written in. Writers
33:57
can and should do all of those things as much as it pleases and pleasures them. But Milo, in particular, could just
34:05
benefit a lot from doing this kind of experimentation in private rather than
34:11
publicly. In the meantime, he's only hurting his ethos.
34:16
[Music]

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